

1130-66

L O V E
E L E G I E S.

Written in the Year 1732.

[Price 1s.]

By Hammond

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L O V E
E L E G I E S.

WRITTEN
IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. STRAHAN; and J. WILKIE, No. 71,
in St. Paul's Church Yard.

MDCCCLXXX.

LOVE

ELIGIBLE

WRITTEN

IN THE YEAR MDCCXXII.

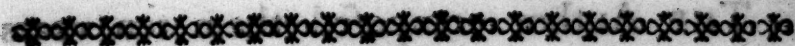
THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THE SEVEN

LONDON

Printed for W. STRAHAN, and J. WILKIE, No. 7, in St. Paul's Church Yard.
MDCCXXII.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following Elegies were written by
a young gentleman lately dead, and
justly lamented.

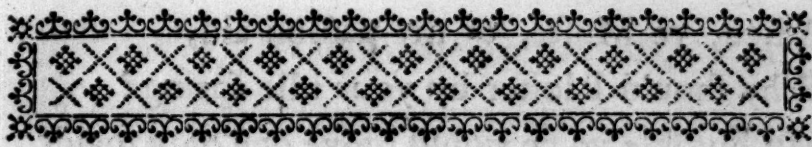
As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Public, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship, for the Editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

THE Author composed them ten years ago, before he was two-and-twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But, sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; 'twas nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved, and united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. TIBULLUS seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to OVID; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart; the

the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

THE undissipated youth of the Author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them ; for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought, and expression, which have distinguished, and preserved their writings to this day ; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation of succeeding ages ; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of GREECE and
ROME,

ROME, when Wisdom, Virtue and Liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died—but in these times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.*



LOVE ELEGIES.

On his falling in Love with NEÆRA.

E L E G Y I,

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons received in vain;
I saw NEÆRA, and her instant slave,
Tho' born a BRITON, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On SCYTHIAN hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watry roar,
And in the vast ATLANTIC stood alone!

B

Adieu,

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why shou'd I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere;
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear it's honours from the broken shrine,
But chiefly thine, O VENUS! will I tear.

Deceived by thee, I loved a beauteous maid,
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires:
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
But Love must act what Avarice requires.

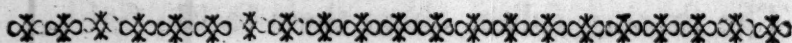
Unwise who first, the charm of Nature lost,
With TYRIAN purple foil'd the snowy sheep;
Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep:

These

These costly toys our silly fair surprise,
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
Their hearts secure in trifles, Love despise,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and VENUS bear,
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long,
Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish fair,
The froward lover—Hence this angry song.



*Unable to satisfy the covetous Temper of
NEÆRA, he intends to make a Campaign,
and try, if possible, to forget her.*

E L E G Y II.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel Fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's found.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age :
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil e'en love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least NEÆRA's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal Fair :

That

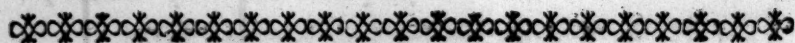
That while she bends beneath the weight of drefs,
The ftiffen'd robe may fpoil her eafy mien;
And art miftaken make her beauty lefs,
While ftill it hides fome graces better feen.

But if fuch toys can win her lovely fmile,
Hers be the wealth of TAGUS' golden fand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in INDIA's foil,
Hers the black fons of AFRIC's fultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! wou'd idle Fancy tend,
And footh with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forced embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their felfifh luxury upbraid,
And fcorn the perfon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weaknefs of my mind:
In vain,—tho' Reason fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ftill lags behind.



*He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of
NEÆRA, and resolves to quit her.*

E L E G Y III.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still wou'd heave for more,
Not all the Gods cou'd satisfy thy heart :

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey :

May all the youths, like me, by love deceived,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;
And, when thou dy'ft, may not one heart be
grieved,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

LOVE ELEGIES.

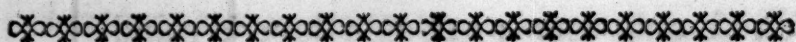
7

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend shall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep:

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,
Shall strow the grave where truth and softness
rest,

Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie easy on her breast,



*To his Friend, written under the Con-
finement of a long Indisposition.*

E L E G Y IV.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret
shade,

And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
Or tempt the wish of some unpractised maid,
Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick on death is all my thought,
Oh spare, PERSEPHONE*, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

* The Goddess of death.

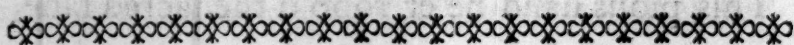
No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the God's eternal rest
With curses loud;—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thin'n'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah, why so soon the tender blossom tear?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below
Now slowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:

Oh let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we loved, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.



*The Lover is at first introduced speaking to his
Servant, he afterwards addresses himself
to his Mistress, and at last there is a sup-
posed Interview between them.*

E L E G Y V.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's
care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my CYNTHIA's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd Fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And JOVE's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O CYNTHIA, fear the watchful slave,
VENUS will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they
tread,

She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
Belongs to VENUS, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain,
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd ;

With sudden step let none our bliss surprize,
Or check the freedom of secure delight—
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry VENUS snatch their guilty sight.

But should'st thou see, th' important secret hide,
Tho' question'd by the powers of earth and
heaven,

The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard-dame, thy lover's antient friend,
With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear,
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

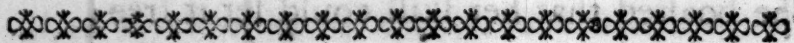
I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scared at day, they sought their dreary home,

At her command the vig'rous summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a husband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?



*He adjures DELIA to pity him, by their
Friendship with CÆLIA, who was
lately dead.*

E L E G Y VI.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of
death,

And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them still,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, DELIA, I shall thee obtain,
But can I listen to her fyren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and despised so long?

By all the joys thy dearest CÆLIA gave,
Let not her once-loved friend unpitied burn;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjured in their sacred urn:

To

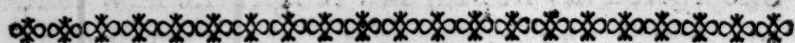
To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nursed my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
She still wou'd pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew :

Ah do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
That hov'ring round us all my suff'rings hears,
She is my faint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears :

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan :

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white ;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night :

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain,
Ah to recal the sad remembrance spare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.



*On DELIA's being in the Country, where he
supposes she stays to see the Harvest.*

E L E G Y VII.

NOW DELIA breathes in woods the fragrant
air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
VENUS herself attends on DELIA there,
And CUPID sports amid the fylvan train:

Oh with what joy my DELIA to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn
mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along:

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great APOLLO wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd sooth their master's pain,
The art of phyfic lost, and useles lay,
To PENEUS' stream, and TEMPE's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister * saw him pace along ;
Oft wou'd his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested PYTHON slain?
Where are his DELPHI? his delightful isle?
The God himself is grown a cottage swain.

O CERES! in your golden fields no more,
With Harvest's cheerful pomp, my Fair detain,—
Think what for lost PROSERPINA † you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

* The Goddess DIANA.

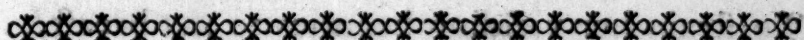
† The daughter of CERES, taken from her by
PLUTO.

D

Our

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They met, they liked, they stay'd but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—But Oh I fondly rave!
Lead me to DELIA, all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig as DELIA's slave.



He despairs that he shall ever possess DELIA.

E L E G Y VIII.

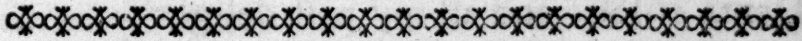
AH what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hoped to gain:

With thee I hoped to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the LYDIAN river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my DELIA's slave,
And, when I long have served her, call her Wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O JUNO! with thy sober ear,
Attend, gay VENUS, parent of desire;
This one fond wish, if you refuse to hear,
Oh let me with this sigh of love expire.



He has lost DELIA.

ELEGY IX.

H^E who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping Fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover still who died not of despair:

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone,
DELIA is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the shape that might have blest my
arms?

Where are those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
DELIA may come, and see my poor remains,—
Oh DELIA! after such an absence past,
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

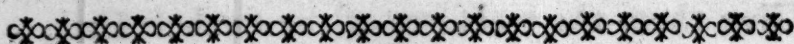
To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand?

PANCHAIA's odours be their costly feast,
And all the pride of ASIA's fragrant year;
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my suff'rings show:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and
care,

He cou'd not long his DELIA's loss abide,
Joy left his bosom with the parting Fair,
And when he durst no longer hope, he died.



On DELIA's Birth-Day.

ELEGY X.

THIS day, which saw my DELIA's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If DELIA's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy Genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And

And thou, O VENUS, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the shepherdes, or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain :

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain ;
The secret thought, which blushing love in-
spires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.



*Against Lovers going to War, in which he
philosophically prefers Love and DELIA to
the more serious Vanities of the World.*

E L E G Y XI.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art :

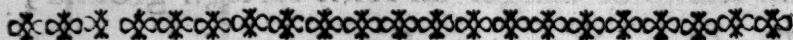
Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence DELIA lose a tear :

Why shou'd the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground ;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in every stroke a double wound ?

Ah better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly
bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul :

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.



To DELIA.

ELEGY XII.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprize,
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest,
 No need of envy,—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

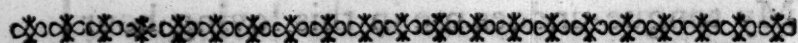
I say

LOVE ELEGIES. 29

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insult-
ing more,

Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll sit me down at VENUS' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my
prayer.



*He imagines himself married to DELIA, and
that content with each other, they are
retired into the Country.*

ELEGY XIII.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty
crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never found:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest?

Or if the sun in flaming LEO ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my DELIA, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleased at heart, and not with fancy's
dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for DELIA and myself alone.

Ah

Ah foolish man, who thus of her possest,
Cou'd float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am loved alone.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's
wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend,
DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe, the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep!

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

LOVE ELEGIES.

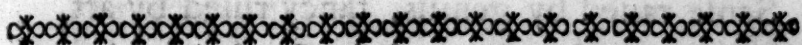
On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand!

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing
hair,

Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still!

Oh quit the room, Oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart!
Oh leave me, DELIA, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful
part!

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.



To DELIA.

E L E G Y XIV.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptured fancy
framed,

In some lone spot with Peace and thee retired!
Tho' Reason then my sanguine fondness blamed,
I still believed what flatt'ring love inspired:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled
mind

To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned ease, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different style,
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light:

Now mark the strength of MILTON's sacred lines,
Sense raised by genius, fancy ruled by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fired by POPE and VIRTUE, leave the age
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song,

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

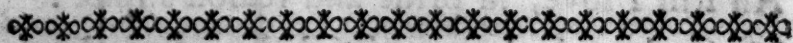
Thy heart, O LYTTELTON ! shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And thou, O WEST ! with her your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shalt
cheer,

Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah still I love, in pride and reason's spite!
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.



To Mr. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

E L E G Y XV.

O H form'd alike to serve us, and to please;
 Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire:
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart;
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.
 When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduced by sickness under reason's power,
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
 And Love himself could flatter me no more,
 My DELIA's hopes I wou'd no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave;
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness through its pride:

The

The prudence which I taught, I ill pursued,
 The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd:
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And proved too well my passion by my shame;
 While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless
 tale,

Believed the grossest arts that malice try'd,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:
 Oh where were then my scenes of fancied life!
 Oh where the friend, the mistress, and the wife!
 Her years of promised love were quickly past,
 Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
 To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In COBHAM's smile to lose the gloom of care!
 Nor fear that he my weakness shou'd despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise:
 There PITT, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm,

With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A ROMAN's virtue, with a courtier's ease.
Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
Contemn the human weakness of my breast;
Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind,
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
Your breast may lose the calm it long has
known,
And learn my woes to pity, by it's own.

THE END.

